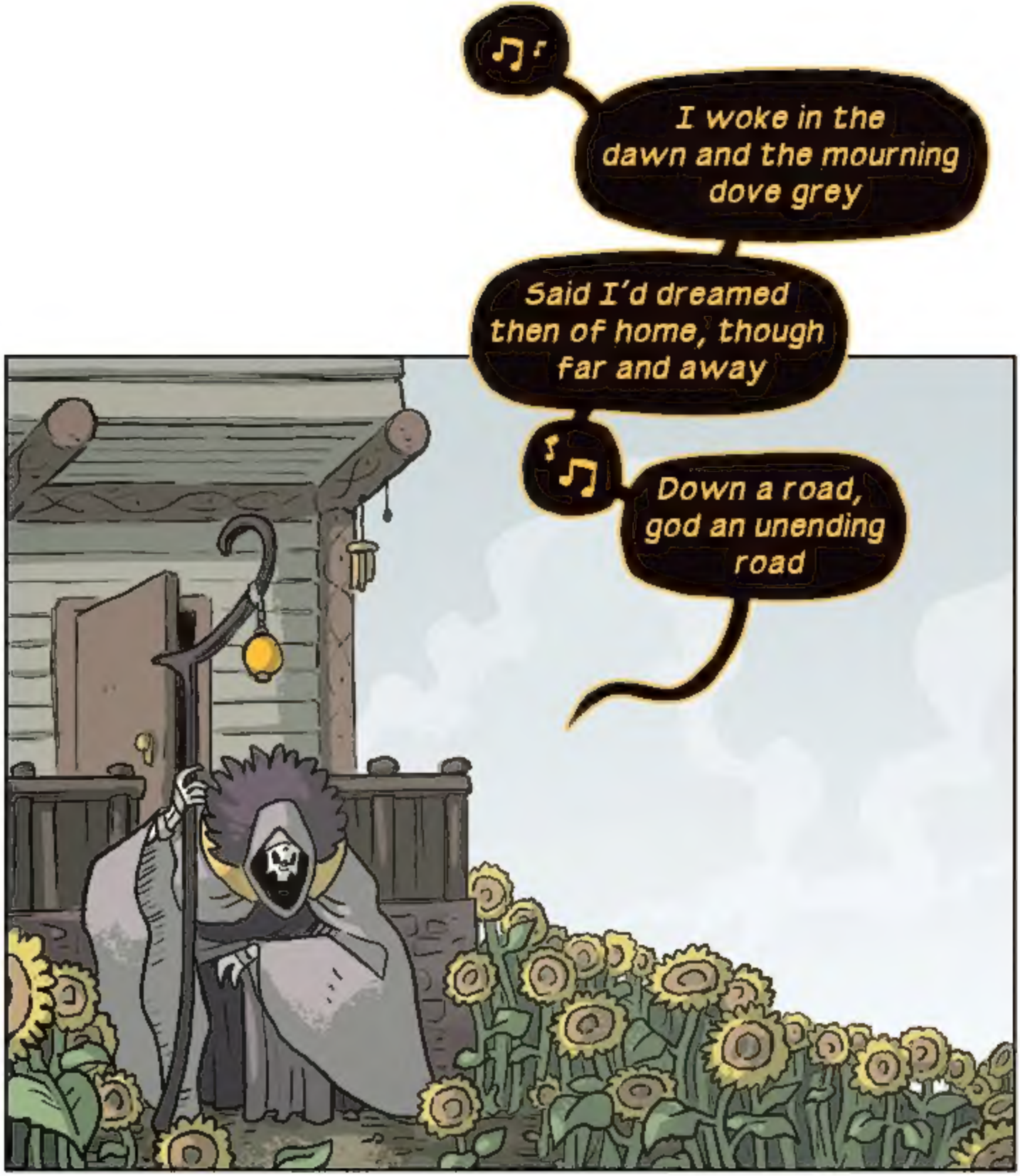
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER


I woke in the dawn and the mourning dove grey
Said I'd dreamed then of home, though far and away
Down a road, god an unending road

That has chosen me though I not he
And his teeth are the swords at my waist

What now of soldiers who turned from the plow

What now of their time and what time allows

The sun dries the dew, but god not me

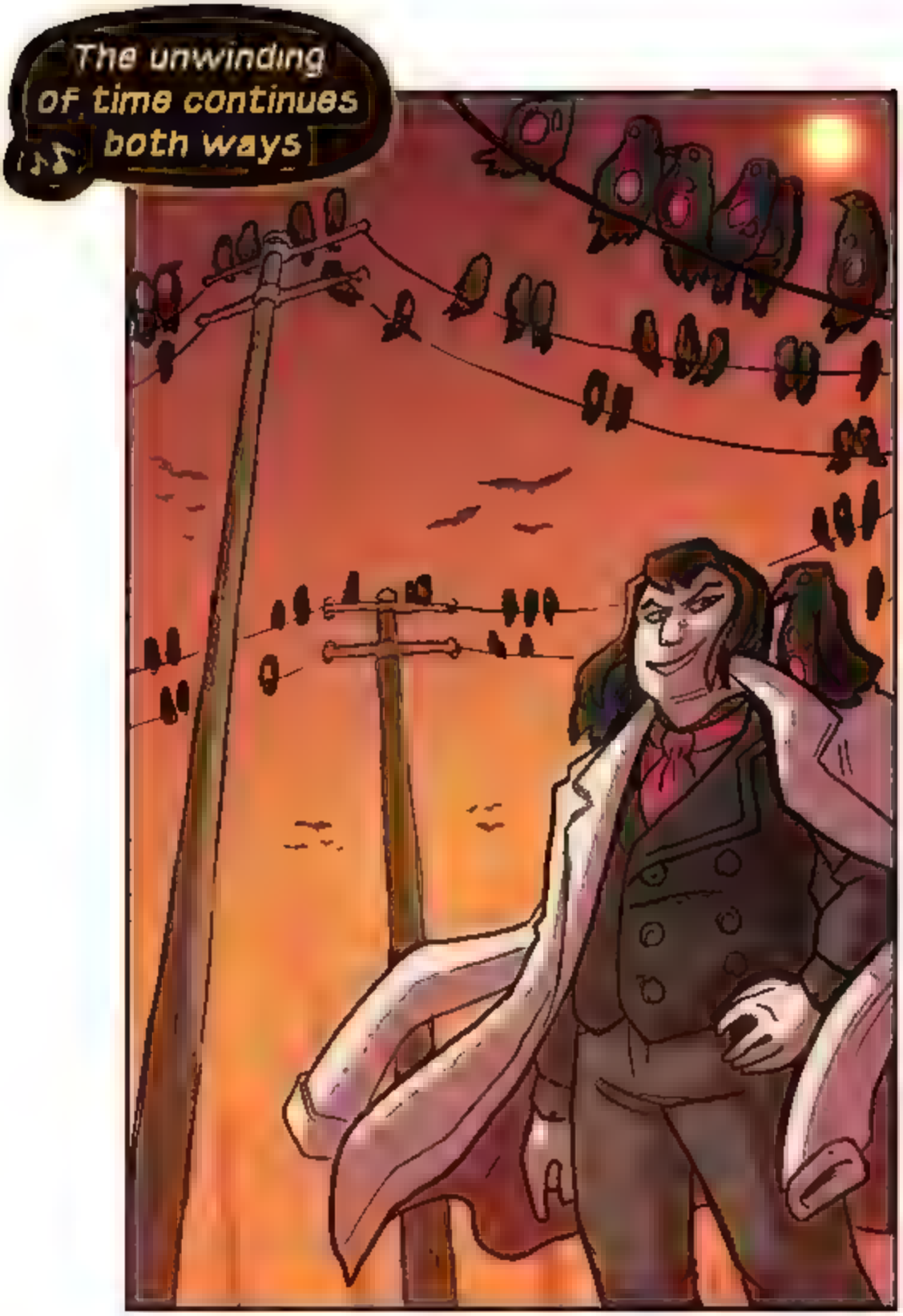
SALT
♪ It is cold on my back ♪

And the stars
in the black

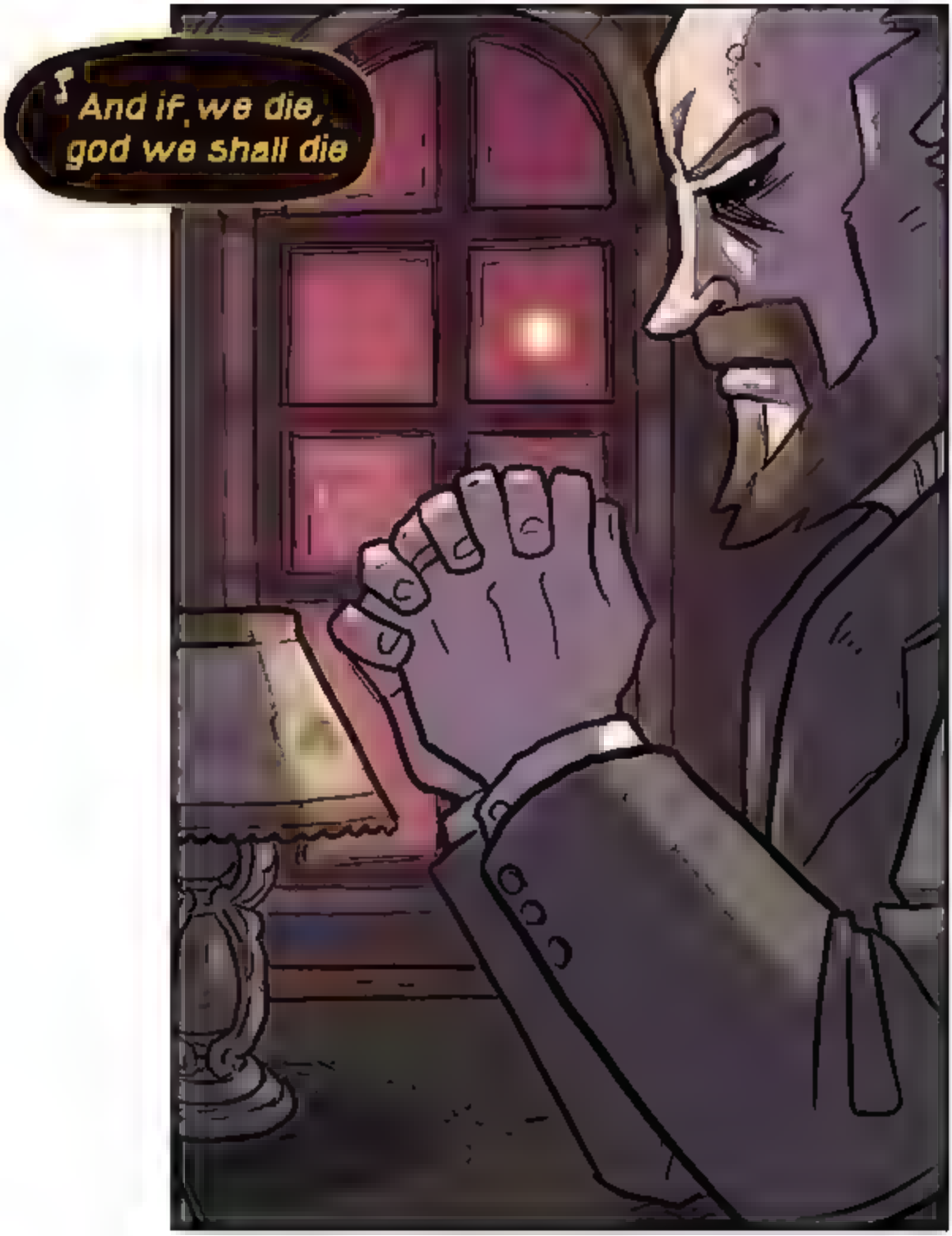
Are just eyes that
time has closed

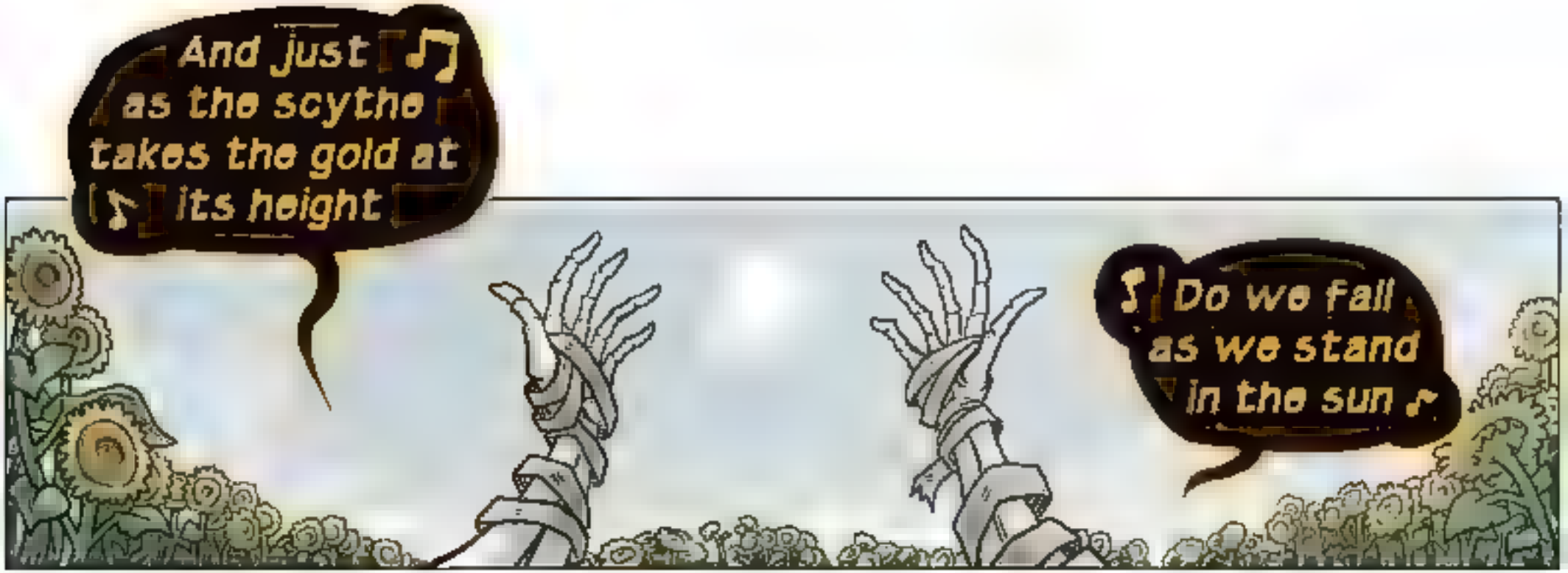
There is a half of me that stayed behind
In a home that no longer has reason or rhyme
In my life, god what a life

Before the call of war and the closing of doors
That no triumph can ever re-open


The unwinding of time continues both ways

As the apples turn red and we harvest the hay


And if, we die, god we shall die


And just as the scythe takes the gold at its height
Do we fall as we stand in the sun

clak

Hey everyone! Just a few announcements here!

First! Wow! I gotta thank my friend Laura for writing the lyrics to the song in this episode.

I originally asked her for help finding an existing song. Instead, she wrote one from scratch, and I love it. Laura is an illustrator and poet and you can find her work at ***creekdontrise.tumblr.com***

REEDPOP
MUSIC alley
Second!
My wife and I are gonna be at Emerald City Comicon in Seattle from March 1st to 4th, in Artist Alley G-5! If you're gonna be there, please come on by and say hello!

Aaand third!
Speaking of my wife, she currently has a Kickstarter to get a gold-plate enamel dragon pin made. This will only be a run of 100 and you can pre-order a pin at ***kck.st/2mLcyNV*** or just search for "pit crew pin" on Kickstarter.

Alright, that's
that for now! Thanks
again to Laura, hope
I see some of you at
Emerald City, and thank
you all for reading.